

A FIEND'S WORK.

Miss Elsie Morgan, Who Alone of
Twelve Escaped Death.

TELL AWFUL STORY

Of Her Own Experience on the Trading
Schooner Olympia. Her Narrative
of Horrors Discount the Bloody
Deeds of the Seventeenth
Century Buccaneers.

Miss Elsie Morgan, sole survivor among the twelve passengers and crew of the British Honduras trading schooner Olympia, who saw every other soul on board butchered by one gigantic negro buccaner, has so far recovered from the shock produced by those scenes as to be able to give a detailed statement of the outrages which transpired in her horror the cruel deaths of the old West Indian pirates.

Miss Morgan still lies physically suffering at El Provero, in British Honduras, whither she was taken by rescuers, who found her, half demented, wandering on the beach to which she had swum after the black buccaner had left her for dead in the water half a mile from shore. Her story—the first and only she has told—which is sent herewith, has the facts already published throughout the world with triple picturesqueness possible only in the statement of an eye-witness—and, in this case, of a girl who, through all that awful night of July 1, knew that she herself was designated for a fate worse than death.

The facts leading up to the beginning of Miss Morgan's narrative are these: The little trading schooner Olympia, plying between the island of Uthilla and Truxillo, twenty-five miles away on the Honduras mainland, had been lying at its island pier for several days with its machinery out of gear. It was quite generally known that the captain had on board a considerable sum of money in gold, with which he was to buy cattle on the mainland. This amount was only the equivalent of about \$700 in United States currency, but in the minds of negro laborers about the pier it assumed fabulous proportions.

One of these was a gigantic specimen named Robert McField, well known to all the island inhabitants. He was more than usually well educated for one of his race and bore a fair reputation.

At dusk on June 30, after the captain, recomposed by the rest, had thoroughly inspected the schooner and crew to be sure that no suspicious character was aboard, the little vessel, with twelve souls aboard, threw off its lines and dropped quietly out of the harbor, for Truxillo.

In his confession, made as he was about to be hanged, McField told of the harbor, he rowed out to her in the darkness, climbed aboard and unnoted and concealed himself in the hold, armed with a Winchester rifle and a revolver. While the bulky negro moved below waiting for a propitious moment to put his murderous plot in execution, these passengers and members of the crew were on deck under the brilliant tropical sky, unconscious of danger.

Miss Elsie Morgan, 23 years, Walter Rose, aged 28 years, Uthilla. Indiana Rose, his wife, aged 20 years, Uthilla.

Six-weeks old baby of Mrs. Rose, Uthilla. Adela Bodden, twelve years old, Uthilla.

Captain White Bush, aged forty, master of the Olympia, Lynn, Mass. Van Wick Hydes, aged thirty-eight years, mate of Olympia, Bay Island. Nelson Bodden, sailor, Uthilla. Deton Nickerson, sailor, aged thirty-two years, Connecticut. William Godfrey, sailor, aged twenty-five years, Bay Island. Amos —, negro cook.

At 10 o'clock in the evening, when about four miles out from the island, all went below except Hydes, the mate, and Bodden, who was at the wheel. Miss Morgan's narrative follows:

MISS MORGAN'S ACCOUNT.

The following article was prepared for the New York American by Miss Elsie Morgan:

That awful night comes back to all my dreams. I shall never forget it. That black beast's murder was a scene of horror to me. The feeling smile on his lips as he threw my sister's baby into the sea, the fate he promised me, will be with me always. It was a most beautiful night, with a soft breeze blowing and the heavens ablaze with stars. We were on deck till after 10 o'clock, my sister and I, her husband and the other passengers, and it seemed a pity to go below with such loveliness all about. I am sure that no one suspected the slightest danger.

I went to my cabin with Mrs. Rose, my sister, and the baby, and soon we were asleep. It did not seem that I had slept more than a minute when a sound of sailing on deck awakened me. Then several shots were fired. We were so alarmed at this that my sister and I ran to the hatchway. Captain Bush was ascending the ladder. We beheld him and he turned. "Go back to your cabin," said the captain. And then he bounded on deck.

We remained at the foot of the ladder wondering. Suddenly there was another succession of shots in quick succession, mingled with sounds of falling bodies and the screams of men. It was horrible. We could not remain where we were in uncertainty. We mounted the ladder and peered out on deck.

The sight was awful. The sailor, Bodden, whom we had seen at the wheel, lay face down on the deck quite still. Between the mainmast and the wheel, looking bigger than ever in the flood of starlight, almost bare to his waist, with a rifle in his hand, stood the big negro, Robert McField. I had seen him many times and knew him instantly.

SEE SAW THE FIGHT ON DECK.

In his belt was a revolver. Smoke was pouring from the muzzle of his rifle. A few feet in front of him lay the body of the mate, rolling with the motion of the vessel.

All at once the negro raised his rifle and began firing over my head toward the bow of the ship. I saw Captain Bush run from behind the foremast. McField started for him, firing as he ran. The captain was unarmed, but he had seized several belaying pins

and was hurling them at the negro as he continued to fire. At the fourth or fifth shot the captain fell with a scream. The negro ran up and gave the body a kick; it did not move.

I was so horror-stricken I could not stir hand or foot.

Apparently the negro's rifle was empty. He laid it down at his feet and drew his revolver, looking sharply forward. In a moment the other two sailors and the cook appeared out of the forecastle hatchway. The first of the sailors, seeing the negro with revolver raised, leaped for the bulwarks as if to jump overboard. The negro dodged behind the galley, but the cook was shot dead at the hatchway.

Then the negro ran around the galley and shot the sailor hiding there. No one capable of resistance was left above deck. I heard the negro chuckle as he reloaded his rifle.

One of the prostrate sailors was moving slightly and another was groaning. McField walked over where they lay, cursed them horribly, spat in their faces and fired two or three shots into the head of each.

When he walked off he stopped where the captain lay, kicked the motionless body, spat in the dead face, and then did a horrible and unnecessary thing. The negro, laughing as he did it, thrust the muzzle of his revolver between the teeth of the dead captain and fired, bursting open the skull.

PASSENGERS LINED UP AND SHOT.

At this awful sight I nearly fell from the ladder. I was caught by Mr. Rose, my sister's husband. Both of them had come up behind me. Mr. Rose got his head above the hatchway. He said:

"He's coming. Quick! Help me over the hatchway." My sister and I tried to help him drag the heavy hatch over the opening. There were bolts to fasten it down. But the negro was too quick for us. Rushing up with rifle and revolver in his hands he kicked the hatch far away. Then, as he covered us with rifle, while his eyes gleamed savagely, he shouted:

"Get down there, and be quick about it!" We crouched down the ladder, followed by the most horrible curses. He came after us, drove us into an empty cabin and locked the door. We heard him ordering the Bodden girl and little Annie Connors to stay where they were, and a little later we heard him in the captain's quarters hammering—evidently at the lock of the strong box containing the gold we was kept.

This kept us for at least an hour. We were frantic with fear. And my sister, who had left her baby in her cabin, didn't know whether it was dead or alive.

At last the negro opened our door, pointed his revolver at us and ordered: "Get out!"

Mr. Rose sprang at his throat, but was knocked senseless by a single blow of the black man's fist. When he came to the negro compelled us all to stand with our backs to the wall. I had rushed to our cabin and had my sister's baby in my arms. Adela Bodden and Annie Connors stood there with us.

Suddenly, without a word, the negro raised his revolver and fired twice. My sister and Adela Bodden dropped to the floor. They were dead.

Screaming, I stooped over them with the baby in my arms. The negro seized me roughly by the shoulder and hissed in my ear:

SHE BEGGED TO BE SHOT.

"Just keep quiet and you will be all right—I can't say."

I cannot repeat the few other words he said. I begged him to shoot me. But he would not.

He ordered us on deck—Mr. Rose, Miss Connors and I. We went, I still carrying the child, which was only six months old.

Then Mr. Rose, at the negro's command, lowered the dory, in which the murderer had placed a bag of the gold he had stolen from the captain's chest. Keeping his rifle pointed at us he ordered us into the boat. At his command Mr. Rose chopped a hole in the side of the ship at the water line, so that she began to fill and was sure to sink.

While Mr. Rose still held the dory the negro shot him through the head and threw his body overboard.

There were left now only Annie Connors, the baby and I. We crouched in the bottom of the boat. The negro rowed for a while toward the shore. Suddenly he threw down the oars, snatched the baby from my arms, tore at its throat like a savage animal, and then with a grinning chuckle, threw the little creature far out into the sea. The next minute he had pressed the muzzle of his gun against Annie Connors' head and fired. She died at once.

Then the negro rowed again for quite awhile toward the mainland. I could see the shore growing nearer. I am a good swimmer, and made up my mind to jump overboard and try to escape. The first time I tried to dive over the thwart I fell into the negro's arms. I was so weak with fear. He thrust me back. After awhile I tried again and found myself in the water, out of his reach.

"Come back!" he shouted. "Sharks!" Without stopping to think, I started back toward the boat. Suddenly the negro, who had one of the heavy oars in his hands, brought it down on my head. It had not glanced on a heavy coil of hair I would have been killed instantly. That fact proved my salvation. I sank, and when I came up out of the boat's stern I seized hold of it and I was able to cling there unnoticed while the negro pulled for the shore. At length I let go to give him time to disappear in the woods before I could swim to the beach.

LEFT IN THE SEA FOR DEAD.

It was a longer swim than I anticipated. I was exhausted at the end. But the negro was out of sight, and I felt safe.

Then came those six terrible days of wandering, some of the time lost in thickets; sleeping on the ground, subsisting on the milk of coconuts; gradually losing my mind because of those awful scenes always with me, waking or sleeping. A party of cocoanut gatherers found me, twenty miles from where I had landed, and took me to El Provero. Until I told my story it was thought that the Olympia with all aboard had gone down in a tropical hurricane.

They went out and found McField. The police took him, but British and American men took him away from the police. When they brought him to me, and knew that he was the man they would have burned him at the stake. When I begged them not to do that, because his screams—bringing to me more vividly yet the murder of my sister and her child—

would drive me mad they took his confession, hanged him, and rid the world of his evil. He died saying he had made his peace with God. If that is true that is indeed merciful to sinners.

ELSIE MORGAN.

COTTON IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Efforts of the British to Raise the
Staple Over There.

Great efforts are being made, it would appear, from reports recently received in this country, by the British Cotton Growers association to promote the growth of cotton in South Africa and other colonies in the United Kingdom. The greatest obstacle which threatens the plan of the association at this time is said to be the system of slavery which exists there in its worst form. It is said, than ever existed in the United States or any other country.

The British Nigeria company is a huge monopolistic labor concern, and the British Cotton Growing association has the sole right to cultivate cotton in any part of the 400,000 square miles over which the Nigeria company is overlaid. The population of that area is about 25,000,000. Lags, the cost of labor for sixteen hours per day and seven days in the week is twelve cents. This includes rations, clothing, medicine, quarters and superintendence.

It is said that with this slave labor, that within five years the cotton produced will be ample to the requirements of Great Britain. While there was, not many years ago, a large American trade done on the territory of the Nigeria company, that concern has of recent years entirely shut out competition. American labor spirits and other kinds of goods are debarred into any of the territory now owned or operated by the Nigeria company.

The trade of the New England mills was especially good in the country now closed to them until a few years ago, as British free trade so called does not apply to any territory committed to the custody of a chartered company. On this account American manufacturers must necessarily lose quite a large sum of money each year on account of the fact, as stated, that the cottons of the Nigeria company are sold at a price which is not fair. The cottons of the Nigeria company are sold at a price which is not fair. The cottons of the Nigeria company are sold at a price which is not fair.

RIGID QUARANTINE.

Charleston Will Place Inspectors at
All Junctional Points.

The yellow fever scare has at last struck Charleston, and the board of health of that city has decided to put into effect a more rigid quarantine and authorized the employment of inspectors for trains at all junctional points and for the river steamboats as well, passing a resolution requiring that passengers coming to Charleston shall produce proof that they have not been within the fever district for a period of ten days. They will be stationed at Branchville, Lanes, Plegmas, and Yemassee. The action of the board is largely predicated on the recommendation of Health Officer Brunner of Savannah, who advised a stricter quarantine for that city, after a special investigation of the existing conditions in the fever district. Savannah determined accordingly to put out inspectors and Charleston will act in accordance with the recommendations of the Savannah health officer, whose opinion is held in high regard in Charleston.

People visiting Charleston from the interior of the State must provide themselves with health certificates, to show that they have not been in the infected district since the fever began.

Found in Africa.

The Boston police department is expecting to hear at any moment of the arrest of Frank C. Safe Deposit and Trust company, who disappeared about nine years ago, and was afterward accused of embezzling the institution of \$150,000. Miles, the police have learned, has been located at Cape Town, South Africa. The authorities of the city have been in communication with those of that city, and have instructed them to put him under arrest. Besides the alleged embezzlement of the company's funds, it was charged that Miles looted the treasury of the Union club of about \$17,000. It is said that Miles wrote a letter acknowledging that he had pledged securities of the company for losses that he had sustained in the stock market. After Miles disappeared the police kept watch on his residence on Beacon street, as well as at his country place at Londonderry, Vt., but nothing came of it. Some of his friends got the idea that he had killed himself, but the company in New York that bonded him never believed so. Miles is now about 62 years old.

Heid Captive.

At Chicago Mrs. Mary Mulholland, the wealthy Vicksburg, Miss., widow, alleged to be held captive in the Gerald building, 26th and State streets, by her two daughters, Daisy E. and Hattie Mulholland, has been found by a deputy sheriff at the residence of her brother, Fred Sloat, 5422 Shields avenue. Mrs. Mary Mulholland had begun habeas corpus proceedings. Discovery of the missing woman brought to light a threatened arrest of Miss Daisy Mulholland on the charge of contempt of court. She was taken into custody and then released on promising to produce her mother before Judge Dupuy, where the battle for the aged woman's custody will be fought. Patrick Henry, administrator of the estate of Charles Mulholland, who became wealthy operating Mississippi river steamboats many years ago, is in Chicago ready to take part in the controversy over the custody of the widow.

A Fight With The Freeman.

Engineer Lucas, of the Southern Railway, whose headquarters are in Greenville, had a hand-to-hand encounter with his negro fireman at Blacksburg, which resulted in the former's arm being crushed with a wrench and the latter being captured by blood hounds and lodged in jail at Gaffney, where he will be tried for assault and battery with intent to kill.

A Shame.

Secretary Wilson is a harmless, dull old bureaucrat, who has held the agricultural portfolio since 1897, simply because nobody else wanted it. It is a shame, like robbing the children's banks, to take advantage of him and locate costly leaks in his department.

Will Get Well.

The Columbia State says that Ed. Reese, the man who was shot at Gaffney on the Fourth of July, has recovered and gone to his home. It was thought impossible for him to live.

LOCK HORNS

Over the Dispensary Problem in
the Pulpit of a Church

AT A UNION MEETING.

Merits and Demerits of the Question Dis-
cussed in the Historic Red Hill
Baptist Church. One Speaker

Predicts that Prohibition
Means Barrooms.

A dispatch to The State says Hon. W. Jasper Talbert and Forrester Holcomb, Jr. W. T. Tatum looked horns in a dispensary discussion Saturday at a Baptist Union Meeting at the historic Red Hill Baptist Church near Parksville in Edgefield County.

The assembly was large and the speakers stood in the pulpit. At the close of an address by Dr. Bell, Mr. Tatum advanced and delivered a very earnest speech, advocating the dispensary. He declared that if it was rightly conducted it is the best solution of the liquor evil and that there would be open barrooms in South Carolina within two years if the prohibitionists succeed in their fight.

In his speech Col. Talbert declared that the welfare of the nation depends more upon the character of its citizens than the strength of its army and navy; that total abstinence is the only logical and safe practice for a religious man. Some men remain moderate drinkers without ruin, but their example is deleterious to others who are not strong enough to keep from excess.

"There is no impropriety in speaking of the dispensary in the church. I believe in fighting the devil anywhere and in any form. I am against it in any form. If a man thinks he can reform an ancient evil, let him reform the dispensary. I never saw a rotten egg made fresh."

"To say prohibition does not prohibit is silly. The law against stealing, murder, arson and rape does not prohibit, but they restrain. So will prohibition restrain. I do not think there can be more blind tigers under prohibition than under the dispensary as now conducted."

"The prohibition movement is not a failure; it is due the credit for the present activity. I love every inch of my State and I am honest in my readiness to fight whiskey. Whenever the church membership of this country quit drinking liquor, determine to wash their hands of complicity with those who deal in it for selfish gain and go to work against whiskey, we will have the prohibition which we need in South Carolina."

Hon. J. W. Tatum made the platform and made an address. He said that he recognized the great evil in whiskey, but that men might honestly differ as to the best means of eradicating the evil. Does the present mode of selling liquor produce more evil than other ways? Some evils must be prohibited outright; others are best prohibited by controlling them. This is the case with whiskey.

Prohibition in Edgefield county formerly was a complete failure. One of the worst things a State can do is to put a law upon the statute books which cannot be enforced; and the prohibition of liquor cannot be enforced. You teach people perjury by bringing a perjury case and carry on circumstances which experience has shown will make them lie.

If you take your present law and enforce it, it will be a good solution of the question. If you vote prohibition you will not have it but a year or two. The leaders of this anti-dispensary movement in Columbia are working toward high license and prohibition is but a step on their way to that end.

Today this county gets from the dispensary about \$5,000 for education. The county also gets \$3,000 for roads and the town \$3,500. The speaker advocated the rising generation on money secured from whiskey taxation. He said to kill the dispensary is to take one third from the schools of the county, and practically pull down the school houses.

Mr. Tatum went on to show the union meeting attendants how it would touch their pocketbooks, if they voted out whiskey. His views are unique in deliberations before South Carolina religious assemblies. But in Mr. Tatum's address there was the ring of conviction.

Col. Talbert asked the speaker if it was possible for the legislature to vote open barrooms, and he unqualifiedly affirmed that it could do so.

Col. Talbert—"Do you believe that it will do it?"

Mr. Tatum—"I believe they will do it within two years' time."

Col. Talbert—"Then, God have mercy upon their souls."

A Rich Farmer.

The dispatch from Pickens to The State says the largest lot of cotton ever sold by a planter in Pickens county was sold a few days ago by Mr. J. Samuel Wilson to Heath-Bruce-Morrow company of Pickens. Mr. Wilson sold 720 bales, a portion of two crops. The lot brought 145 cents round, aggregating nearly \$40,000. In many respects Mr. Wilson is a remarkable man. He was a valiant Confederate soldier in the Civil War and at the close of that conflict came home with absolutely nothing. He began as a day laborer and saved everything he made, finally purchasing all the lands owned by his former employers. Mr. Wilson is the largest planter in upper South Carolina and owns some of the finest cotton lands to be found in Pickens and Anderson counties.

To Bridge the Saluda.

The Boards of County Commissioners of Greenville and Pickens counties have let a contract for the building of a bridge across Saluda river just below the new dam. The successful bidders were King Bros. The bridge is to be entirely of steel, with 140 foot span with a fifty foot approach on the Pickens side, and is to be finished and turned over to travel by the first of December next.

Will Get Well.

The Columbia State says that Ed. Reese, the man who was shot at Gaffney on the Fourth of July, has recovered and gone to his home. It was thought impossible for him to live.

HIS ONE TEMPTATION.

Charles J. Cooper Cannot Help Steal-
ing Woman's Shoes.

The Baltimore Sun says that Chas. J. Cooper, of that city, who is absolutely sane on other subjects, claims that he cannot resist the temptation to steal women's shoes; that he does not steal them for the purpose of selling them; once he has stolen them, they might be forgotten in his house for months. The mania is limited to women's shoes. Men's shoes do not tempt him. Neither does money nor jewels.

Cooper has been employed by the Adams Express Company about two months. All sorts of valuables have passed through his hands untouched—rich clothing, jewelry, and money. But when a dainty pair of No. 4s come within his range of vision a force which is stronger than himself seizes him.

Detectives Thomas and Mason arrested him. The company has been missing shoes for some time, and a decoy box of marked footwear was placed in its rooms Tuesday night and a watch put upon them. In the middle of the night Cooper was seen to approach the box. He took it in his hands, shaking like a leaf, according to the detectives, opened and grasped the shoes, evidently under the influence of strong excitement.

When arrested he confessed without hesitation, giving gratuitously the information that he had six more pairs at his home, and saying that he would have had more if he had not been caught—not because he wanted to, but because he could not avoid taking them.

Capt. Pumphrey talked to him for more than an hour, Cooper being nervous in the extreme throughout the interview. Nearly six feet tall, broad shoulders, and deep of chest, one would say upon first glancing at him that he, at least of all men, would be one to be thought a victim of a nervous disease.

"Often," he told Capt. Pumphrey, "I have stood in front of a shoe store window, held there as by chains and fighting with myself to avoid breaking the glass, gathering all of the women's footwear there and running. I have never yielded to the temptation under such conditions. I have kept as far from this horror of my life as I can. Yet it finds me out. I thought when I got this position I would be free from it. When the first pair of shoes came in my way I felt. Try as I might, I could not help taking them. I was trying to get a position as a railroad fireman, thinking that there at least, I would be safe."

"What would you do if you were employed in a shoe factory?" the captain asked him. Cooper moved his long hands in a spasmodic gesture. "I couldn't do it," he answered sharply. "It would drive me mad." Cooper says he has suffered in this manner for several years. He is married and has two children. His story convinced Capt. Pumphrey and Detectives Thomas and Mason, all of whom may they feel sorry for him.

EATEN BY A SHARK.

In the Presence of a Large Crowd at
Beaufort, N. C.

A special dispatch from Beaufort, N. C., to The News and Courier says most horrible and shocking accident occurred at Davis Shore, about ten miles east of Beaufort Friday afternoon, when Sutton Davis, a 16-year-old white youth, was playing in the water was suddenly attacked and eaten by a very large shark.

Sutton was in the water about waist deep, when suddenly a shark appeared, threw him in the air and caught him as he struck the water, pulled him under and disappeared in deep water with the boy. Thorough search has been made, but no part of his body has been found. Those that were with him were terribly frightened, but could not help the poor boy.

The accident has thrown a feeling of horror over the two people and the guests at the community. The boy and particularly the children, have enjoyed the fine dives and invigorating swimming matches which they lately participate in. A large number of sharks have been noticed in the waters for two weeks, but no one felt much anxiety concerning the terrible monsters.

A large quantity of fat backs have been caught this month, and a quantity of refuse matter has been thrown back into the water from the factories and sharks have come in to feast. It is the first time a person has been molested by a shark in these waters in nearly fifty years.

Hugged Her Too Hard.

A too strenuous hug, it is declared, was the cause of breaking one of Miss Bessie Hayes's ribs. The young woman is at Ocean House at Swampscott, Mass. The young man who was the cause of her mishap is Alfred Tirrell, the superintendent of the bathhouses at Swampscott. He admitted that he squeezed the young woman, but says he did not mean it. One evening while strolling on the beach Tirrell caught the young woman about the waist and gave her a hug that was actually bearish in its characteristics. Other couples were near and the action of the young man caused considerable laughter upon their part, but most indignation on the part of Miss Hayes. Tirrell apologized. Miss Hayes was troubled by a pain in her side after the hug and a physician found that a rib had been snapped.

Bolts Were Rotten.

From an official source, the reliability of which can not be questioned because of its connection with the court itself, it has just become known what in substance will be the report of the court of inquiry now investigating the Bennington disaster. It may be stated authoritatively that the court will find that boiler B of the Bennington exploded not because of unusually high pressure, but because the metal of the crown-sheet in place had become dead, had lost all life and nearly all tensile strength by reason of constant use and the failure to renew the weakened place. The court will not censure the officers of the Bennington, but will pass up the matter and the responsibility to higher authority.

Fell Sixty Feet.

A dispatch from Greenville to The State says P. S. Seay, a native of Virginia, was killed Thursday by falling from the top of the Southern railway's new steel bridge over Saluda river. The unfortunate man lost his balance, falling upon a bed of rock 60 feet below. The body was horrible mangled. The remains were carried to Greenville, where they were prepared for burial and then shipped to Virginia. Seay was employed by the American Bridge company.

Killed the Marshal.

Mike Aspinwall, city marshal, was assassinated Thursday by A. J. Chestnut. Chestnut was pursued by 25 armed citizens who left their places of business to prevent his escape. He fled twice on his pursuers and was shot through the left side with a rifle ball. He was brought back and lodged in jail. He said: "Blind tiger liquor has brought me to this." Chestnut had a street fight Thursday afternoon with Luke White, who had bested him. City Marshal Aspinwall interfered and the shooting followed.

Killed by Natives.

Advices have been received from Australia of the murder, by natives in New Hebrides, of Henry Tumble, brother of the well known Australian cricketer now in England with the Australian eleven. He was involved in a quarrel with natives on Opi Island while trading and was obliged to shoot one in self-defense. Others rushed upon him with clubs and killed him.

Engage Affair.

There are now 32,058 rural free delivery mail routes in the country and the government received nearly 49,000 petitions for more routes last year. There could be no better evidence of the possible value and usefulness of a parcel post system to everybody but the big express companies.

A Live Wire.

At Memphis, Tenn., Thomas Brooks, a lineman employed by the Western Union Telegraph company fell 30 feet from a telegraph pole Thursday and died a few hours later. Brooks accidentally touched a live wire and lost his balance. His relatives live at Greenwood, S. C.

Boat Blown Up.

The Swedish naval boat while engaged in maneuvers near Helsingfors, Finland, struck a submarine mine and was blown to pieces. Seven men were killed and eight were wounded.

WEATHER AND CROPS.

Favorable Progress in Farm Work
Reported Over the State.

The following is the weather report for the past week as compiled by Section Director Bauer. The mean temperature for the week ending July 31st, was slightly below normal, although the departures averaged only about one degree per day. The extremes were a maximum of 86 degrees at Yemassee on the 25th and a minimum of 61 degrees at Greenville on the 26th. There were several days with high winds in the northwestern and southeastern counties, which were damaging to certain crops, particularly cotton. Fall fell in a number of localities, but it did no material damage.

The precipitation was excessive locally in the central and eastern portions, and was fairly copious over the eastern half of the state, but with normal rainfall in the rest of the state; especially in the northwestern and southeastern portions, where the moisture conditions were generally favorable. There is an unusual diversity, however in the amount of precipitation for different localities, which in turn has caused a corresponding diversity in the condition of all crops, ranging from very good to very poor.

Over the greater portion of the state farm work made favorable progress and nearly all crops have been laid by, although late corn and cotton continue to receive cultivation. Cattlemen have appeared in some of the eastern counties, and a red spider infests cotton in places where it has not been entirely disappeared.

There are more numerous reports, than heretofore, of serious shedding of cotton squares, young bolls, and leaves, caused by both excessive rains and drought, and in places by lice. Rust seems to be spreading and in the north central counties affects whole fields. Cotton is deteriorating most on sandy lands, and is doing well on clay lands, where it has a large weed, but in places is not well fruited. A few localities report a marked improvement in cotton.

Early corn is nearly ripe, and is not affected by the prevailing weather, while young corn made a marked improvement in all sections and has become promising. Tobacco curing is well under way, with the early crop poor, while late tobacco is much better. Rice is doing well. Sugar cane, sweet potatoes and gardens are doing well generally. Weather unfavorable for haying and fodder pulling in the eastern counties, and considerable hay was damaged after cutting, by the heavy rains. Pears for storage are doing well. Some turnips have been sown.